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HISTORICAL EVENTS IN UTAH RELATED BY R. W. YOUNG

On Pioneer day, in Ogden Richard W. Young, Jr., of Salt Lake, delivered the following address which, being in part a review of the history of Utah, is highly interesting.

Mr. Young said:

In responding to the invitation of your committee to address you today upon the subject of the Pioneers, I do so with a conscious feeling of my inability to fully and adequately express the deep reverence and honor which in my soul I feel for the occasion. There is the subconsciousness of every man and woman a source of emotions which transcend the every day affairs of life, and which tend to stimulate the higher and nobler aspirations and ambitions. Herein lies the secret of soul development, for just as we draw upon such source and allow it to influence our lives, so we grow in those characteristics which make great men and women. I remember, to illustrate what I mean, a famous painting seen in one of the galleries of Europe. In the foreground, upon his hands and knees, is the figure of a man, groping in the mud and slime of the earth for the supposed gems, but as he grasps them they turn to bubbles in his hands and burst into nothingness. Above him stand the figures of the angels of light and inspiration, endeavoring to attract his attention to the higher things of life, of learning, culture and refinement. But so engrossed is he with the things of the material world, which give him no satisfaction after he has seized them, that he gives no heed to the voice of inspiration. And here is the only reason for meeting on occasions of this kind, to forget for the moment the hurly-burly of business life and its consequent worries, to drop the insignificant details of home life and to allow our minds and affections to dwell upon the accomplishments of men and women actuated, not by egotistical and selfish reasons, but by the highest motives the human soul is capable of entertaining. It is with those thoughts in mind that I desire to turn your attention for a brief time to the Pioneers of these valleys.

To fully appreciate the position of the Utah Pioneers as creators of local and national history it will be necessary to have some thing of a general knowledge of conditions, economic and social, of our country for the decade or two preceding the westward movement.

American expansion and National growth began so auspiciously some two hundred odd years before by the landing at Plymouth of the doughty band of religious English men and women, had spread from coast line to coast, and then overstepping the Alleghenies had entered the fertile and prolific fields of the Ohio. As the Indian was swept westward, the first way of this flood of civilization, and as the dangers always imminent in a new country, were minimized by the settlers, others more timid and unwilling to face the brunt and hardships of the pioneers followed until the country west of the coast range to the mighty Mississippi was a continuous string of thriving hamlets and prosperous farms. America awoke in the early part of the nineteenth century to find herself no longer an infant frightened to stray beyond the confines of its nursery, but grown to the full stature of manhood.

Her western border was the Mississippi, and as the waters of the ocean wash to its shore line the debris and the scum, so this region contained the regatta and the hot-bath of society, the gambler, the trapper, the halfbreed and the Savage—those off-scourings of the social order who because of the primitive law of self-preservation must needs keep within close range of the great West where the arm of civilized order and tranquility had not yet extended.

Beyond the Mississippi lay the trackless plains of a domain greater than Europe, people by the Savage, the wandering Bison, and the howling coyote. The itinerant trader and hunter were the only white faces which the region had seen. It was this region, unknown, forbidding and desolate, which the Utah Pioneers were to be mainly instrumental in subjugating and blazing the trail for those who followed them.

Driven from their homes in Missouri, the Mormons moved to Illinois and built upon the banks of the Mississippi, a city within the space of a few years gave promise of becoming the great metropolitan center of the middle west, but because of dissimilarities between themselves and the nation of the region, jealousies arose which in time culminated in their eviction from the state, which had promised them protection. They were driven from their new homes by a mob bearing the earmarks of jealousy, but founded upon mobocracy and anarchy; and, now hardened by the unknown West. In all the pages of history there is no migration comparable to this. Aeneas led his band to the shores of Italy and found a land of sunshine and flowers; the Children of Israel left a condition of slavery and oppression with opportune warning sufficient to cause with them great riches as a compensation for past labors and they entered a land already subdued and cultivated; the settlers of Plymouth, when they had made up their minds to move to the new country, sold their lands and houses and departed from the midst of friends with God-speeds to accompany them on their way, and they came to

a land of great and latent possibilities. But now witness the exodus of these thousands from Nauvoo. Driven by hostile mobs from a fair city built by the sweat of their brows, in the midst of winter, leaving behind them everything, lands, houses, stores and all but that which they were able to carry on their backs; the aged and infirm shown no mercy, but driven helter skelter and pell-mell into the inclemency of the winter, they crossed the ice of the frozen Mississippi, leaving the tracks of blood behind them, and camped on the west shore of the river. They knew nothing of the great stretch of prairie before them, except that it was the home of the Redman and the outlaw. But their faith was great, and they organized into companies and began the western march in search of new homes. Listen to this description of their march by one who appreciated what they passed through:

"Day by day, the train toiled on its weary journey. There was the same limitless expanse of wilderness around them at dawn and at sunset. The same howl of wolves was their only lullaby as they sank to sleep at night. Only the planets and far-off stars rolled in on their sublime courses and smiling down upon them from the upper deep, were a mighty symbol that God still ruled, commanded order, and would not forget. In sunshine and in storm they pressed onward for five hundred miles; then followed five hundred miles more over rugged mountains which made the backbone of the continent; their teams grew steadily weaker; more and more obstructions were interposed in their path; but they never faltered. They were nearing no land of vine and flowers and gold. Only the desert awaited them—the desert with its chill and its repellent face." They reached it at last, and there burst upon them their first sight of the new home. It was no Garden of the Hesperides upon which the Pioneers gazed that memorable July morning. Aside from its scenic splendor, which was indeed glorious, magnificent, there was little to invite and much to repel in the prospect presented to the view. A broad barren plain hemmed by mountains, blistering in the burning rays of the midsummer sun. No waving freens no swaying forests no verdant meadows to rest and refresh the weary eye, but on all sides a seemingly interminable waste of sagebrush bespangled with sunflowers—the paradise of the lizard, the cricket and the rattlesnake. Less than one half way across the baked and burning valley dividing it in two—as if the vast bowl, in the intense heat of Master Potter's fires, in process of thermostating, I was no Garden of the Hesperides, but a narrow river, turbid and shallow from south to north in many a serpentine curve sweeps on its sinuous way. Beyond a lake, the river's goal dotted with mountain islands its briny waters shimmering in the sunlight like a silver thread.

From the mountains snow-capped, scamed and craggy lifting their kingly heads to be crowned by the golden sun flow, limpid, laughing streams, cold and crystal clear, leaping, foaming, flashing from rock to glen, peep to play. But the fresh canyon streams are few and far between and the pools or deadly alkali scarcely allow them to reach the river, but midway swallows and absorbs them in the thirsty sands. Above the line of gray and gold of sage and sunflower, the sloping hillsides of precipitous steepness clothed with purple and dark green patches. There, the oakbrush, the squawberry and other scant growths with here and there a tree casting its long shadow on hill or in valley, a wire-grass swamp, a few acres of withered bunchgrass, and the lazily waving willows and wild rose bushes fringing the distant streams, the only green things visible.

Silence and desolation. A silence unbroken save by the crickets ceaseless chirp, the roar of the mountain torrent, or the whirr and twitter of the passing bird. A desolation for centuries where earth seems heaven forsaken, where the hermit Vulture watches from his eagle's eyrie and eternal solitudes. Ill with fever their leader raised himself upon his elbow and took in the sight before him. Before his prophetic eye passed the visions of the future. No longer the alkali and sagebrush plain blistering in the withering heat of summer; no longer the cowardly scurrying of the coyote from the well-picked bones of its prey, but a city with its towers and domes gleaming in the sun, with the smoke from its many factories and plants rising to heaven, with its spacious and elegant streets of comfortable homes radiating from the House of the Lord; to the north and the south and the east and the west the farms lay in luxurious greenness. No wonder with this vision before him Brigham Young said "this is the place. Here we will stop."

There are many effects flowing from the settlement of these valleys which time will not permit me to go into at any length, but I do desire to impress upon your minds at this time one or two of the significant and higher features.

It has been said, and well said, that "what Europe is to Asia, what England is to Europe, and what America is to England, is the West of our country to America," the backbone, in other words, the foundation, from whence comes the great vitality and strength of the West. Its still immature and undeveloped is playing the leading role in the drama of America's development. Jefferson alone of the statement of the post-revolutionary period saw its inherent possibilities and future. He negotiated for and purchased the Louisiana cession against a unanimous adverse opinion and criticism throughout the country. But his opinion was sustained by the glowing account of Lewis and Clark after their exploration of the new country. When the Mexican treaty was consummated in 1848, by which the United States obtained possession of what is now New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and Idaho, our government was considered highly foolish to encumber itself with this

wilderness of sagebrush and desert. Read sometime when you have the time the current opinions of the press and of the men of wide information that you may understand what I say. And yet Brigham Young and his followers saw the possibilities of the new country, and realized the necessity of this region, barren and inhospitable as it was, becoming part and parcel of the States. They came to seek freedom from religious persecution, and not, as is often charged by their enemies to found an empire of their own. The refutation of such lies in the fact that they claimed the territory as American territory, and planted the star and stripes in token of America's supremacy over it.

When the full tide of emigration westward set in, Utah and her colonies became the halfway house for thousands of newcomers making their way to the California gold fields or the Oregon valley. The Mormon trail was their pathway, even as it later became the trail for the transcontinental railway. The settlement of the West was undoubtedly greatly facilitated by the Utah colonies, and but for assistance and encouragement lent the newcomers the rapid settlement of the wealthy coast states would have been delayed many years. Ignoring a living from the unpromising soil, fields these Pioneers settled down to the work of building homes and wrestling a living from the unpromising soil, and as their success spread, hope and encouragement was born in the hearts of thousands who eventually followed them. President Roosevelt in the Tabernacle, in 1903, said, "Here in this place the Pioneers and those who came after them took not the land that would yield the return with little effort. You took a territory which at the outset was called after the desert, and you literally, not figuratively, you literally made the wilderness blossom as the rose." The early would yield nothing without artificial help. They were great scourges of locusts, and storms of alkaline dust smothered and killed the tender crops but amid the storm they sang: and the stars heard and the sea. What they did they performed as a work to which they were divinely called, to actively illustrate to the idler and the scoffer the glorious virtue of recompense of work. They were unassuming believers in the splendid apostrophe of Thomas C. Arlyle to work: "Order than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel; Work, and therein have well-being Man, Son of earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee. Spirit of active Method, a force of work,—and burns like a pain that will not be soothed, a fire that will not be still till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is unmethodic, wast thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient and productive to thee. Wherever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and the thrifty. The thrifty that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-wool, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it, that in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered." They with him believed that to "produce though it be but the most infinitesimal atom" was the destined work of men here on earth. If it be true "that the words of man inherit as is just their author's frailty and return to dust," this was no work of more men, but rather of the God and the immortal in man, for when the pages of their history shall be written the great service which they have done humanity by ennobling and glorifying labor and toil will be emblazoned in golden letters. The world needs such lessons as this to offset the inherent tendencies to effeminacy and luxury. So, oblivious to the part they were playing in the history of the Nation, in teaching it the nobility of honest labor, in applying to the development of a desert country the originality of genius in irrigation, and in starting the stream of migration which in a brief time peopled the West and held it for the growth of our Nationality, they put forth their exertion to meet the never ending hardships, and to live and serve their God patiently and obediently as the faith they had accepted taught them it should be done.

And what is the result? The one time barren waste of alkali has become by right of the conquest of man's labor and genius an imperial and sovereign state. Her valleys are peopled with the farmer, the herdsman, the laborer and the miner, and her thousands of hills are grazed by the pastures of her flocks and herds. Prosperity and plenty appear on every hand, and peace and contentment are universal within her borders. Listen to a few of the significant statistics of what has resulted from this labor begun so well by this band of noble men and women. From her dairies and vegetable grade the farmers of the state reap some \$38,000,000 annually, while the stock raisers, the Bridger, the old trapper who had traversed practically the entire region, and who had prophesied would not grow an ear of corn, is yielding on an average of 28.8 bushels per acre, while the highly favored soils of Illinois 18.3. Her live stock and wool industry nets her some \$20,000,000 annually, while the yield of wheat is 10,000,000, and a wheat crop of \$60,000,000 each year, while her mines turn out a stream of mineral wealth of approximately \$20,000,000 a year. The state is putting into the home and foreign markets something over \$25,000,000 worth of home manufactured articles. The figures are enough to stagger the imagination of man when we consider it has been the result of only sixty odd years of labor. "The desert shall blossom like a rose and it shall become productive for the sustenance of man." The Divine fiat has been more than accomplished. I doubt if the fondest dream of most inspired visions of their leader as he looked over the valley of the Great Salt Lake equalled the magnificent growth which these regions have witnessed during the past few years which have elapsed since their settlement.

And yet in the midst of this era of golden plenty there are occasional signs and rumbles of distant troubles. The world at large during the past decade or so has witnessed a mighty struggle between the forces of labor and capital. The man of wealth has added to his power by the use of the skill and brawn of unorganized labor. He has been a strenuous and ardent believer of Ricardo's econom-

ic maxim that "profits (his profits) vary inversely as the wages paid the workman," and he has accordingly schemed and legislated to keep the latter down that his coffers might be full to overflowing, that he and his might live in ease and comfort. He has fought the passage of workmen's compensation laws, and has used fair or corrupt means to defeat employer's liability laws, and to maintain in active force the legislative shields of the fellow servant rule and the assumption of risk behind whose ample folds his own negligence might be protected. All over the civilized world labor is awakening and demanding its emancipation, and conflict is following conflict in the end or to equalize conditions, to raise the valleys and to lower the mountains between the social conditions of the two hostile camps. Already we see the storm approaching our own fair valleys. Within the past six months bloody warfare has been waged in Colorado, within the past two months Butte, Montana, has been turned into an armed camp, and blood has flowed. Nor can we here flatter ourselves that we can escape the horrors of the conflict, unless, unless, I say, we get back to the principles so plainly enunciated and carried out by the first settlers of our glorious state. Forced to meet conditions of great hardship with the ear of suffering if not actual starvation staring them in the face, they had to solve problems which the world has tried for centuries to solve. Among the first laws laid down by Brigham Young after his entry into the Salt Lake Valley was that each man should have his own piece of land parcelled out to him, the title of land in the community, thus doing away with private ownership, the cause of nine-tenths of the rapacity and greed of humanity. Cooperative settlements were established. Every man was the equal of the other, and all worked for the common good of all. Said Brigham Young "Our object was to labor for the benefit of the whole, to retrace in our expenditures, to be prudent and economical; to study well the excesses of the community and to pass by its many useless wants; to study to secure life, health, wealth and union." For a time these economic policies were highly successful. Phil Robinson, correspondent of the London Telegraph, coming to the State in the early eighties, and after making a careful study of the settlements wrote his newspaper that at last the world was seeing a practical and successful demonstration of pure community life. But things could not remain this way for long. As the older generation slowly died out the frailties of mortality crept in the new generation, and human vanity reasserted itself. Men wanted power, and the older order changed to the one of today. The corroding influence of modern civilization has crept in. Captain plans as the most appropriate means of exploiting the laborer, and piling up greater fortunes. Sons of wealthy parents raised in the hot house of luxury and plenty lack the virility and ruggedness of the old stock; pleasure runs apace with extravagance, effeminacy and lack of purpose greatly mark the age. Extremes run rampant in every form of activity from women's dress to literature, and even the Divine art of painting itself. It is the boast of the day that men live five years in the same time that men of fifty years ago lived one year. Young men are broken in health and become old at thirty; and middle-aged men are superannuated at what a short time ago was the prime of life. And so the candle burns at both ends. We of the new blood are forgetting in living the strenuous life, the examples set by these sturdy Pioneers whose memory we hold hallowed to-day. We are neglecting to carry out and push along the reforms begun by them. We have sold our birthright—that of becoming shining lights in the economic, social and religious fields of our country, for a mere mess of pottage. We are forgetting, in the mad and insane rush for money and its concomitant, power, the call to the higher and nobler fields of human endeavor, the possibility of the attainment of which foreverthurs in these valleys successfully demonstrated. And the final end and outcome of such a course if long persisted in is based upon no speculation or guesswork. History has time and again written the warning on the wall. Babylon rose to imperial might and retained her

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ITALY EXPECTED TO SEND ULTIMATUM

Athens, Aug. 28. (dispatch to the London Daily News).—I am able to state on good authority that the Italian government has ordered the general staff to be ready for action within the next few days.

Bulgarian Komitadjis have entered Serbian territory at Strumitsa and destroyed a portion of the railway. An-

other band has entered Doryan and destroyed two villages.

London, Aug. 29, 3:47 a. m.—The Paris correspondent of the Express sends his paper the following dispatch:

"I am informed Italy will send an ultimatum to Austria requesting an explanation of Austrian mobilization on the Italian frontier. Only a brief period will be given for an answer, and within a short time Italian troops are expected to be in Trieste."

CZAR'S SOLDIERS ARE HURLED BACK

Berlin, Aug. 29.—(By Wireless to the Associated Press.)—News of the defeat of five Russian army corps to the south of Allenstein is made public here today. It is regarded as encouraging and as greatly relieving the situation in east Prussia. It is said to insure the flank of the German positions.

Alenstein is about 60 miles south of Königsburg.

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